

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING. ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

[As it is part of the Editor's plan to have no reserves with the Reader, he has to inform him that the following were among a set of papers contributed by him, some years ago, to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' the proprietor of which has kindly given him liberty to republish them. They are written in the first person, from having been contributed under an assumed character.]

CARRICISM, for the most part, is so partial, splenetic, and pedantic, and has such little right to speak of what it undertakes to censure, that the words "criticism on beauty" sound almost as ill, as if a man were to announce something unpleasant upon something pleasant.

And, certainly, as criticism, according to its general practice, consists in an endeavour to set the art above its betters, and to render genius amenable to want of genius, (particularly in those matters which, by constituting the very essence of it, are the least felt by the men of line and rule,) so critics are bound by their trade to object to the very pleasantest things. Delight, not being their business, puts them out of conceit. The first reviewer was Momus, who found fault with the Goddess of Beauty.

I have sometimes fancied a review set up by this anti-divinity, in Heaven. It would appear, by late discoveries in the history of the globe, that, as one species of production has become extinct, so new ones may have come into being. Now, imagine the gods occasionally putting forth some new work, which is criticised in the 'Olympian Review.' Chloris, the goddess of flowers, for instance, makes a sweet-briar:—

"The Sweet-Briar, a new bush, by Chloris, Goddess of Flowers. Rain and Sun, 4104.

"This is another hasty production of a lady, whom we are anxious to meet with a more satisfied face. Really, we must say, that she tires us. The other day we had the *pink*. It is not more than a year ago, that she flamed upon us with the *hearts-ease* (pretty names these); then we were all to be sunk into a bed of luxury and red leaves by the *rose*; and now, *ecce iterum Rosina*, comes a new edition of the same effeminate production, altered but not amended, and made careless, confused, and full of harsh points; which the fair author, we suppose, takes for a dashing variety! Why does she not consult her friends? Why must we be forced to think that she mistakes her talents, and that she had better confine herself to the production of daisies and dandelions? Even the *rose*, which has been so much cried up in certain quarters, was not original. It was clearly suggested by that useful production of an orthodox friend of ours,—the *cabbage*; which has occasioned it to be pretty generally called the *cabbage-rose*. The *sweet-briar*, therefore, is imitation upon imitation, *crambe* (literally) *bis cocta*; a thing not to be endured. To say the truth, which we wish to do with great tenderness, considering the author's sex, this *sweet-briar* bush is but a *rifacimento* of the *rose-bush*. The only difference is that everything is done on a pettier scale, the flowers hastily turned out, and a superabundance of those startling points added, which so annoyed us in the *rose* yclept the *moss*; for there is no end to these pretty creatures the *roses*. Let us see.

There is the *cabbage-rose*, the *moss-rose*, the *musk-rose*, the *damask-rose*, the *hundred-leaved-rose*, the *yellow-rose*, and earth only knows how many more. Surely these were enough, in all conscience. Most of them rank little above extempore effusions, and were hardly worth the gathering: but after so much trifling, to go and alter the style of a common-place in a spirit of mere undoing and *embrouillement*, and then palm it upon us for something *free*, forsooth, and original, is a desperate evidence of falling off! We cannot consent to take mere wildness for invention; a hasty and tangled piece of business, for a regular work of art. What is called nature will never do. Nature is unnatural. The best production by far of the fair author, was the *auricula*, one of those beautiful and regular pieces of composition, the right proportions of which are ascertained, and reducible to measurement. But *tempora mutantur*. Our fair florist has perhaps got into bad company. We have heard some talk about zephyrs, bees, wild birds, and such worshipful society. Cannot this ingenious person be content with the hot-house invented by Vulcan and Co. without gadding abroad in this disreputable manner? We have heard that she speaks with disrespect of ourselves: but we need not assure the reader, that this can have no weight with an honest critic. By the by, why this briar is called sweet, we must unaffectedly and most sincerely say, is beyond our perceptions."

I was about to give a specimen of another article, by the same reviewer, on the subject of our present paper:—"WOMAN, being a companion to MAN," &c. But the tone of it would be intolerable. I shall therefore proceed with a more becoming and grateful criticism, such as the contemplation of my subject naturally produces. Oh Pygmalion, who can wonder (no artist surely) that thou didst fall in love with the work of thine own hands! Oh Titian! Oh Raphael! Oh Apelles! I could almost fancy this sheet of paper to be one of your tablets, my desk an easel, my pen a painting-brush; so impossible does it seem: that the beauty I am about to paint should not inspire me with a *gusto* equal to your own!

"Come then, the colours and the ground prepare."

This ink-stand is my palette. I handle my pen, as if there were the richest bit of colour in the world at the end of it. The reds and whites look as if I could eat them. Look at that pearly tip at the end of the ear. The very shade of it has a glow. What a light on the forehead! What a moisture on the lip! What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in the eyes! Look at me, Madam, if you please. The eye right on mine. The forehead a little more inclined. Good. What an expression! Raphael, it is clear to me that you had not the feeling I have: for you could paint such a portrait, and I cannot. I cannot paint after the life. Titian, how could you contrive it? Apelles, may I trouble you to explain yourself? It is lucky for the poets that their mistresses are not obliged to sit to them. They would never write a line. Even a prose-writer is baffled. How Raphael managed in the Palazzo Chigi,—how Sacchini contrived, when he wrote his 'Rinaldo and Armida,' with Armida by his side,—is beyond my comprehension. I can call to mind, but I cannot copy. Fair presence, *avaunt*! I conjure you out of my study, as one of my brother writers, in an agony of article, might hand away his bride, the printer having sent to him for copy. Come

forth, my tablets. Stand me in stead of more distracting suggestions, my memorandums.

It has been justly observed, that heroines are best painted in general terms, as in 'Paradise Lost,'

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye," &c. or by some striking instance of the effects of their beauty, as in Homer, where old age itself is astonished at the sight of Helen, and does not wonder that Paris has brought a war on his country for her sake. Particular description divides the opinion of the readers, and may offend some of them. The most elaborate portrait of the heroine of Italian romance could say nothing for her, compared with the distractions that she caused to so many champions, and the millions that besieged her in Albracca.

"Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp.  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
The fairest of her sex, Angelica."

Even Apuleius, a very "particular fellow," who is an hour in describing a chambermaid, enters into no details respecting Psyche. It was enough that the people worshipped her.

The case is different when a writer describes a real person, or chooses to acquaint us with his particular taste. In the 'Dream of Chaucer' is an admirable portrait of a woman, supposed to be that of Blanche, Duchess of John of Gaunt. Anacreon gives us a whole length of his mistress, in colours as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. The blue eye is moist in its sparkling; the cheek, which he compares to milk with roses in it, is young for ever. Oh Titian, even thy colours are dry compared with those of poetry!

It happens luckily for me on the present occasion, that I can reconcile particulars with generals. The truth is, I have no particular taste. I only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive. I think also that anybody who wishes to look amiable, should be so. The detail, with me, depends on a sentiment: for instance, I used to think I never could tolerate flaxen hair; yet meeting one day with a lovely face that had flaxen locks about it, I thought for a good while after that flaxen was your only wear. Harriet O—made me take to black; and yet, if it had not been for a combination of dark browns, I should the other night have been converted to the superiority of light brown by Harriet D. Upon the whole, the dark browns—chestnuts, &c. have it with me; but this is because the greatest number of kind eyes that I have met with, have looked from under locks of that colour. I find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on my part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but I cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or dance with her, or sing with her (if I could), or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether I admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her

at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears,—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon me in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. I should prefer an enamelled tea-cup; for I should expect nothing from it. I remember the impression made on me by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though I thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. I fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good nature. I was told it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken than I shrunk from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrunk from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show, what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. I have been so used to consider it with reference to considerations of this kind, that I have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in my eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Goûle in the 'Arabian Nights,' must have been a beauty of this species.

But to come to my portrait. Artists, I believe, like to begin with the eyes. I will begin, like Anacreon, with the hair.

HAIR should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck, should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it however in that manner is delicate and feminine, and suits many. In general the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost everybody. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do everything for it, which is asking too much, especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect, what foliage is to the landscape. Its look of fertility is so striking, that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favorite epithet for a Greek beauty was "well-haired;" and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus. So intirely do I agree with him, and so much do I think that the sentiment of anything beautiful, even where the real beauty is wanting, is the best part of it, that I prefer the help of artificial hair to an ungraceful want of it. I do not wish to be deceived. I would know that the hair was artificial, and would have the wearer inform me so. This would show her worthy of being allowed it. I remember, when I was at Florence, a lady of quality, an Englishwoman, whose beauty was admired by

everybody; but never did it appear so admirable to me, as when she told me one day, that the ringlets that hung from under her cap, were not her own. Here, thought I, it is not artifice that assists beauty; it is truth. Here is a woman who knows that there is a beauty in hair, beyond the material of it, or the pride of being thought to possess it. Oh, wits of Queen Anne's day, see what it is to live in an age of sentiment, instead of your mere periwigs, and reds and whites!—The first step in taste is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine, if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to me, strung with gold, and adorned with a figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note, and hath no chords in it fit to be awakened? Long live, therefore, say I, lovely natural locks at five-and-twenty, and lovely artificial locks, if they must be resorted to, at five-and-thirty or forty. Let the harp be new strung, if the frame warrant it, and the sounding-board hath a delicate utterance. A woman of taste should no more scruple to resort to such helps at one age, than she would consent to resort to them at an age when no such locks exist in nature. Till then, let her not cease to help herself to a plentiful supply. The spirit in which it is worn, gives the right to wear it. Affectation and pretension spoil everything: sentiment and simplicity warrant it. Above all things, cleanliness. This should be the motto of personal beauty. Let a woman keep what hair she has, clean, and she may adorn or increase it, as she pleases. Oil, for example, is two different things, on clean hair and unclean. On the one, it is but an aggravation of the dirt: to the other, if not moist enough by nature, it may add a reasonable grace. The best, however, is undoubtedly that which can most dispense with it. A lover is a little startled, when he finds the paper, in which a lock of hair has been enclosed, stained and spotted as if it had wrapped a cheesecake. Ladies, when about to give away locks, may as well omit oil that time, and be content with the washing. If they argue that it will not look so glossy in those eyes in which they desire it to shine most, let them own as much to the favoured person, and he will never look at it but their candour shall give it a double lustre.

"Love adds a precious seeing to the eye;"

and how much does not sincerity add to love! One of the excuses for oil is the perfume mixed with it. The taste for this was carried so far among the ancients, that Anacreon does not scruple to wish that the painter of his mistress's portrait could convey the odour breathing from her delicate oiled tresses. Even this taste seems to have a foundation in nature. Mary Honeycomb, a little black-eyed relation of mine, (oftener called Molly from a certain dairy-maid turn of hers, and our regard for old English customs,) has hair with a natural scent of spice.

The poets of antiquity, and the modern ones after them, talk much of yellow and golden tresses, tresses like the morn, &c. Much curiosity has been evinced respecting the nature of this famous poetical hair; and as much anxiety shown in hoping that it was not red. May I venture to say, in behalf of red hair, that I am one of those in whose eyes it is not so very shocking? Perhaps, as "pity melts the soul to love," there may be something of such a feeling in my tenderness for that Pariah of a colour. Perhaps there are many reasons, all very good-natured: but so it is, I find myself the ready champion of all persons who are at a disadvantage with the world, especially women, and sociable ones. Hair of this extreme complexion appears never to have been in request; and yet, to say nothing of the general liking of the ancients for all the other shades of yellow and gold, a good red-headed commentator might render it a hard matter to pronounce, that Theocritus has not given two of his beautiful swains

hair amounting to a positive fiery. *Fire-red* is the epithet, however it may be understood.

"Both fiery-tressed heads, both in their bloom."\*

I do not believe the golden hair to have been red; but this I believe, that it was nearer to it than most colours, and that it went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, auburn. The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious colour, and I suspect will always be more admired by us of the north, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair, are as easy to be met with, as they are difficult in the south. Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, both seem to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favour: unless indeed, the hair they speak of is too dark in its ground for auburn. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love-elegy, book the first, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he prefers to those of Venus, as Apelles painted her, tells us, that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both. And he compares them to cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a dash of tawny. I have seen pine-trees, in a southern evening sun, take a lustrous burnished aspect, between dark and golden, a good deal like what I conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite:—

"Deepening inwardly, a dun;  
Sparkling golden, next the sun."†

Which Ben Johnson has rendered in a line,

"Gold upon a ground of black."

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved to me beyond a doubt by a memorandum in my possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to call a wretch.‡ It was given me by a wild acquaintance, who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto:

"And Beauty draws us with a single hair."

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn: it is golden, and nothing else; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. I must confess, after all, I prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, I think, a finer shade for the skin; a richer warmth; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Wat Sylvan,§ a man of genius whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

"Borgia, thou once wert almost too august,  
And high for adoration;—now thou'rt dust!  
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—  
Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!"

The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or

\* Λμφω τῶν' ἡττην πυρροτριχῶν, ἀμφω ἀναβῶν.

† Τὰ μὲν εὐδοῦν, μαλαίνας,  
Τὰ δ' ἐς ἀκρον, ἡλιωσας.

‡ Mr Roscoe must be excepted, who has come into the field to run a tilt for her. I wish his lance may turn out to be the Golden Lance of the poet, and overthrow all his opponents. The greatest scandal in the world, is the readiness of the world to believe scandal.

§ Mr Landor.



longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials; and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

**FOREHEAD.** There are fashions in beauty as well as dress. In some parts of Africa, no lady can be charming under twenty stone.

"King Chihu put nine queens to death;  
Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth*."

In Shakspeare's time, it was the fashion to have high foreheads, probably out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought to be equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom: and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones. I must own I have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome; though in men it sometimes takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. "A forehead," says Junius, in his Treatise on Ancient Art, "should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character." The Latin is briefer. \* Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one.

"Di terso avorio era la fonte lieta."

ORLAN. FUR. *Canto VII.*

"Terse ivory was her forehead glad."

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a naked wall.

And now in respect to "Eyes,"—but as upon this subject I may be too copious for the space allotted me at present, I must begin another paper with my criticism upon them.

\* "Frons debet esse plana, candida, tenuis, brevis, pura."—Junius De Pictura Veterum, Lib. iii, cap. 9. The whole chapter is very curious and abundant on the subject of ancient beauty. Yet it might be rendered a good deal more so. A treatise on Hair alone might be collected out of Ovid.

#### CAUTION TO SELF-LOVE.

Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never over-heated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly or sternly pertinacious, at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others: and whether we have not frequently so acted, as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate; no Christian can malign; nevertheless, do we not often both hate and malign those unhappy men who are insensible to God's mercies? And I fear this unchristian spirit dwells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claims upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs.—*Landon's Examination of William Shakspeare.*

#### TO HIS CHILDREN, DURING ABSENCE.

(From 'Gebir,' 'Count Julian' and other poems, by  
Walter Savage Landor, Esq.)

Ye little household gods, that make  
My heart leap lighter with your play,  
And never let it sink or ache,  
Unless you are too far away;

Eight years have flown, and never yet  
One day has risen up between  
The kisses of my earlier pet,  
And few the hours he was not seen.

How can I call to you from Rome?  
Will Mamma teach what Babbo said? \*  
Have ye not heard him talk at home  
About the city of the dead?

Marvellous tales will babbo tell  
If you don't clasp his throat too tight,—  
Tales which you, Arnold, will love well,  
Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.

How swimming o'er the Tiber Clelia  
Headed the rescued virgin train;  
And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia  
Lived when her two brave sons were slain.

This is my birth-day: may ye waltz  
Till mamma cracks her best guitar!  
Yours are true pleasures; those are false  
We wise ones follow from afar.

What shall I bring you? would you like  
Urn, image, glass—red, yellow, blue,  
Stricken by Time—who soon must strike  
As deep the heart that beats for you.

\* Mamma (as in English) but with the accent on the first syllable, is the Italian word of endearment for "Mother." Babbo is "Papa."—Ed.

#### A LEGEND OF THE BLACK ART.

(From 'Arthur Coningsby,' a new novel, full of thought and elegance.)

In one of our great English abbeys, long before the reformation, there was a young novice, whose rapid progress in learning, and skill as a musician, made him an especial favourite with the monks, his instructors. It was predicted by them that he would rise to the highest reputation in the church, and perhaps become a Bishop, or even a Cardinal. This praiseworthy youth was particularly delighted with the study of knotty and abstruse questions, and he sometimes proposed difficulties to the fathers, which it gave them no little trouble to answer. In these cases, Father Timothy, to whom he chiefly addressed himself, was accustomed to advise, that Nicholas should cease to think of the subjects which perplexed him, and read his breviary with redoubled diligence. But the young man was so unfortunate as to find great difficulty in turning away his mind from points which he did not understand, and Father Timothy could only lament that his pupil was harassed by the wiles of the Devil.

It happened that on a high festival of the church, Father Timothy preached a sermon to which the mind of his pupil gave the most earnest attention. But his eyes unhappily wandered to one of the windows, in which were painted, as says the historian, the very figures we have just seen, (certain mysterious emblems).

The novice could not help meditating during the pauses of the discourse on these remarkable emblems. But he could form no conception of their meaning. He thought of them in the cloisters and in his bed, but still he was completely at a loss. He next applied to his instructor, but the only answer he could gain was a severe rebuke for attempting to be wise above that which is written.

At last he spoke to an old lay brother, who informed him of a tradition which he had heard in his youth, with regard to what is called Abbot Ingulph's window. It was said that the stained glass was made by the hands of the Abbot whose name it bore. He had been much addicted to the occult sciences, and people seldom spoke of him but in a whisper, and with a look of fear. When he was dying, he desired

that at his burial the head of his coffin might be laid exactly under the spot to which the bright image of the rose in the window should be thrown by the moonlight, at twelve o'clock, on the night of the full moon next ensuing.

The temporary successor of the deceased Abbot was a man of the most rigid piety, and instead of complying with this request, he directed that the body should be laid in the ante-chapel, beside that of the last buried Superior. The coffin was disposed accordingly. But the morning after the funeral, it was found on the spot which had been so singularly pointed out, and the grave designed for it had been filled up. It was again committed to the earth, and again it was found upon the floor of the chapel, in the same place as after the first attempt. The baffled father was resolved to persevere; but at the third burial, at the moment when the coffin was lowered into the dust, he took the precaution of touching it with the consecrated wafer. Everyone observed the ceremony, trembling and in silence, and the assemblage heard a groan, which sounded as if it had been called forth from the corpse by the immediate agency of the blessed host. The coffin was hastily drawn up again, and the lid forced open, when it was found to contain nothing but a handful of ashes, and a small gold plate, marked with the device of a rose and star. The lay-brother also informed Nicholas, that various manuscripts of Abbot Ingulph were said still to exist in the library.

This account wrought, says the legend, in the brain of Nicholas, like the potent ingredients of an adept's crucible.

He spent day after day in the library, and found at last an ancient chest, the corners of which were secured by brazen clasps, exhibiting respectively the figures of the toad, the crow, the dragon, and the panther. It was not locked, but sealed, and the wax bore the impression of a man standing on a snake. The young man did not hesitate to break it open, and examined the writings which it contained. They were all works of Abbot Ingulph, except one small thin volume, in which the characters seem to have been originally so strange, and were now so defaced by time, that Nicholas could not decipher a single syllable. Acting, however, on a hint given in a commentary of the Abbot's, he secured this mysterious book, and watched it daily with a longing and almost sickening anxiety, till the night of the full moon. He then stole the keys of the church, and at midnight held the open volume in the crimson radiance which streamed through the rose. The writing instantly became legible; and Nicholas learned the secret for which he had hungered.

For the rest of the night he had in his cell, as the companion of his studies, a youth, dark-eyed, pale, slow of speech, but master of all the sciences in the world, and of all the languages ever spoken by the bricklayers of Babel, as well as of that rarer tongue, the origin of them all, which is now understood only by the chiefs of the Freemasons.

The next morning Nicholas presented his new friend to the fathers, and proposed that he should become an Acolyte. Balthazar, for so he chose to be called, was examined by Father Timothy as to his proficiency in learning, and in the course of his answers, quoted, as one of Christ's replies to the Devil during his temptation, a verse not recorded by St Luke. The monk referred to the passage, and Balthazar quietly remarked, that the Evangelist's account of that occurrence was very inaccurate. This heretical reply decided the holy father to refuse the candidate admittance.

He immediately quitted the monastery. That evening at vespers Nicholas did not present himself; he could not be found in his cell, nor in the neighbourhood of the abbey. About a year after his disappearance, two young Englishmen attracted great attention as disputants in the schools at Paris, and journeyed thence to the monastery of St Rufus, in Provence, where they were soon admitted to full orders. For some years they travelled from country to country, and became celebrated for their learning and talents. They were both of them powerful in discourse on all subjects, but it was observed that

Nicholas disliked to debate questions on demonology, which his companion particularly delighted and excelled in, and of which he spoke in a tone of the utmost familiarity.

Their last place of residence was Rome, and here Nicholas speedily rose to high dignities, while his friend refused to accept any other office than that of his secretary. In this humble situation Balthazar was still sufficiently conspicuous; a thousand dark intrigues for the more extravagant objects were seen to succeed, nobody could tell how, but it was said they had been directed by Balthazar. Innumerable scandals among the enemies of the Cardinal of Alba, for such was now the rank of Nicholas, were detected, while he himself maintained a splendid reputation; and still men whispered and pointed at Balthazar, whenever, that is, they were secure of not being observed by him.

At length the supreme See was vacant. And now discoveries multiplied every hour, so as to implicate the characters of all the leading Cardinals. The mistress of one of them became devout, and confessed her own and her lover's immorality; and she was said to be a penitent of Balthazar's. A heretic was burned;—when at the stake he cried aloud that one of the Monsignori had first seduced him from the true faith; and it was reported that Balthazar, on the eve of the execution, had gained admittance to the cell of the criminal. A third dignitary of great influence in the college suddenly deserted his former faction; and deprived them of several votes. He was known to have received fifty thousand crowns; and Balthazar was rumoured to have been seen carrying weighty bags under his gown in the direction of the prelate's palace. And, lastly, amid the utmost excitement of the election, the French Ambassador died, and left the interests of his party in irretrievable confusion. His physician had purchased drugs at a shop, the owner of which was said to have been in the service of Balthazar.

The Cardinal of Alba became Pope, under the name of Adrian IV. His secretary was his chief councillor. The defeat and death of Arnold of Brescia were brought about by his wisdom; and it was he who drew up the bull which authorized Henry II to conquer Ireland. But those who were nearest the Pontiff, perceived that he feared Balthazar as much as trusted him. A window, exhibiting among other emblems the hieroglyphic rose, had been put up in one of the apartments of the Pope. In this room he perceived Frederick King of the Romans, who, though he entered Italy at the head of a large army, had consented, on first meeting the sovereign priest, to hold his stirrup while he mounted on horseback. Important negotiations were carried on in the presence of the Pope and the Monarch, and on one occasion Adrian seemed inclined to concede a point of considerable weight, which Balthazar had before maintained with the most resolute firmness against the councillors of the King. Frederick thought he observed the secretary point slightly to the painting in the window. At all events the Pontiff groaned, turned pale, and trembled; and after a few moments declared his determination to yield nothing.

When Adrian was dying, Balthazar desired that he might speak to his master in private. The patient hesitated, and faltered some words, which could not be understood. But the secretary entered the chamber, and the universal Bishop shuddered under his look, and feebly motioned to the attendants to retire. In half an hour Balthazar re-entered the ante-chamber, and a slight smile might be observed to hover on his lip. He turned, however, gravely to the domestics, physicians, and cardinals, and pointed to the door through which he had just come. They found the Pope dead, with an expression of extreme agony on his lifeless features. A cabinet of steel, inlaid with gold, which stood near the bed, and had before been shut, was now open, and a small parchment volume lay under the hand of the deceased Pontiff.

The book was seized by the eldest Cardinal present, who attempted to discover its contents. But they were completely illegible, save that near the foot of the last page was found inscribed, in bold and youth-

ful characters, the name of 'NICHOLAS;' and lower down, and as if traced by trembling fingers, the regal signature of 'ADRIAN.' The aged Prelate secretly committed the volume to the fire, and was horror-stricken by the groans and sobs which accompanied its destruction, and by the likeness of a demoniac face, which seemed to scowl at him through the cloud of sulphury smoke. Balthazar appeared no more; and it was whispered in Rome, that the body of the Pope was flung into the Tiber; while, to avoid any open scandal, a coffin filled with rubbish was decorated with the blazonry of ecclesiastical empire, and buried beside Eugenius III, in the church of St Peter."

"I fear that even fantastic and idle tales like this," said Agatha, who had joined them five minutes before, "though they cannot be seriously reported by any educated persons, yet have their effect in turning popular opinion against the Catholic church. The most absurd notions of the vulgar, as to the superstitions of the monks, and the vices of prelates, are repeated in these wild legends by romance writers, who probably do not wish their fictions to be believed, whose professed business is exaggeration, but who unconsciously spread abroad many an error, so gross that they would be ashamed of having any trust in it imputed to them."

"Well," replied Isabel, "Arthur's story, though abundantly extravagant, does not seem to me at all likely to do any harm. I am sure, my dear Made-moiselle de Clainville, it never occurred to me that it conveyed an imputation against the Roman Catholic church. I do not like horses less for being amused by the history in the Arabian Nights of the Black Steed, that struck out the Calender's eye with a blow of its tail. The history of Pope Adrian, which we have just heard, is, I think, nothing more than a way of telling us, by marvellous incidents, how wrong it is to seek for any knowledge inconsistent with the observance of moral principles."

#### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
LONDON JOURNAL, APRIL 2, 1835.

##### I.

'Tis morn! how blithe a morn those vapours hide!  
They break—and young day looketh out in pride,  
And with a freshening vigour in his glance  
That warms old pulses, and makes "young ones  
dance."

The flowers look up like beauty at love's voice,  
And feel his fervid kisses, and rejoice.

##### II.

Now let us forth, nor fear the dewy grass—  
The lane we leave, the "one-railed bridge" we  
pass;

By little darling nooks we pause not now,  
Nor rest till we recline upon the brow  
Of one dear hill. Fond gazing from its height,  
How glad a scene, how various, how bright,  
Fills the rapt eye! The undulating flow  
Of natural beauty we may trace below.

Woods are about us, glittering streams beneath;  
And peasant girls, fresh as the air they breathe,  
Are seen at intervals in thought to stand,  
Or slowly wind with milking-pail in hand.  
See, whilst I speak, down in that sloping vale,  
A girl delaying there by the white rail,  
Who would be thought observant of the brook,  
But sees not that on which she seems to look.  
Now she is joined—brief meeting long deferred.—  
'Tis but an instant—has he said one word?  
He has,—and in her inmost heart 'twas heard.

##### III.

Mark, on the right—meet scene for morning eyes—  
Those tree-crowned hills that so augustly rise;  
See, on the left, a sister hill disclose  
The ancient mansion, in serene repose,  
Looking o'er ample meadows whereon cows  
Feed quietly, or ruminant at ease;  
Whose sheep, their bleating young beside them,  
browse;

Where, on sweet journeys bound, we hear the bees,  
And where rooks chatter in the many-peopled trees.

##### IV.

Here,—'tis perhaps a "trivial fond record,"  
But it stands out from memory's treasured hoard—  
When, sauntering near this spot one clear March  
morn,

Unheard the cry of hound—the blast of horn—  
Gathering wild flowers that did the banks adorn;  
Suddenly tow'rd us came the hunted deer,  
A patient anguish in his speaking eyes;  
He paused, as who should say, those I meet here  
Have not the look or garb of enemies:  
Then vaulted o'er the hedge, and soon from us  
Sunk 'midst the "bosomy hills." Fast, furious,  
The brave pursuers came.

##### V.

'Tis holy ground!  
Harefield! a glorious spell thy fields have found.  
Here, in immortal dreams of Arcady,  
The youthful muse of Milton wandered free;  
And still the genius of the wood, 'neath roof—  
"Neath shady roof of branching elm star-proof,  
Touches the warbled string." The lofty lay  
Shames into silence mine, as well it may.

##### VI.

Sure May and June have come a visiting,  
And to young April their ripe glories bring;  
She, like a blushing bride, with virgin grace  
Receives her matron friends, and gives them place.  
With how matured a richness this day's sun  
Clothes the minutest thing its rays fall on!  
With what a buoyant spirit upward springs  
Th' untiring lark, and whilst he soareth, sings,  
Hymning his heav'nward voyaging, yet not  
Denying songs to his more lowly lot;  
True he has "sung at heaven's gate," but he  
Brings to his earthly nest sweet minstrelsy;  
Like kindly hearts that take, where'er they roam,  
A blessing, but reserve the holiest for home.

##### VII.

'Tis but one year—a strange eventful year—  
Since I strolled rhyming, hoping, loving, here;  
Hailing the page so prized—the first young leaf  
Of what is now become a goodly tree,  
Whose fruit enlargeth hope, enlighteneth grief,  
Gladdeneth the deep heart of humanity,  
And shows what may be wrought for struggling  
men,  
When a true spirit wields the world-compelling  
pen.

##### VIII.

'Tis but one year—a strangely-varied year,  
Since I roamed out with salient fancies here;  
Music on either side, and overhead  
Almost as bright a sun. One year has fled,  
And with it—but what boots the retrospection?  
Alas! there is no lingering like affection.

##### IX.

Yet what is changed? Are not the fields as green?  
The streams as bright in their perpetual flow?  
As fair and frequent is the primrose seen,  
And daffodil, that maketh flaunting show  
Where lie the crowding odorous violets low.  
All are as they were then. The plover's shrill  
And querulous cry—the stock-dove's murmur—  
deep—  
The rook's grave voice, of home discoursing still;  
The blackbird startled from her seeming sleep,  
And dipping by the hedge with snatch of song:  
The thrush and bullfinch, that still pour along  
Their full heart-stream of thrilling melody.

##### X.

And now, loved Harefield! from thy hill I see,  
Shorn of its veil of mist, the distant wood,  
Whence gentle meadows slope to the canal.  
There winds in quiet joy that silver flood,  
So loved for memories which I oft recall  
Of those who on its banks have roamed with me—  
There are the scattered cots, the towering mill,  
That seems, when working hardest, idle still;  
There are the streams which give it life and light,  
For ever busy, and for ever bright,  
And busiest when all else is peace and night.



## XL

Then why with death or change should my thoughts be?  
Dull egotist! there is nor death nor change  
To hearts that not from love and nature range!  
We feel that truth and beauty are immortal;  
Why mourn the loved who pass death's shadowy portal,  
And quit the prison of this life, to be  
We trust—the happy—and we know—the free?

## XII.

Back to our quiet lane—our orchard bower;  
Let's change the thoughtful for the festal hour.  
Pile the proud treasures high! 'midst fruits and flowers,  
And wine and song—what banquet equals ours?  
Here are frank smiles, fair forms, red lips, bright eyes,  
Here are the loving, and therefore the wise.  
What though we miss some two or three to-day,  
Whose looks have thrown a sunshine in our way,  
And would have warmed us now with genial ray?  
Their absence will not cloud our mirth; we know  
Their hearts and ours with the same feelings glow,  
And they are with us now, though far away.

## XIII.

Now to our pleasant task! the health of Him  
Whose genius aids the weak—illumes the dim—  
Assists the inquiring—to the struggling sends  
Counsel that animates him and befriends;  
Of Him who, armed a holy fight to win,  
Shows "zeal whose circling charities begin  
With the few loved ones heav'n has placed it near,  
Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere."

Health to the JOURNAL! strength and length of days!

And to the NAME that crowns it, love, and praise!  
J. W. DALBY.

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LIVIL.—REVENGE AND ASSASSINATION IN A CHURCH.  
—THE NEW NOVEL, 'HECTOR FIERAMOSCA.'

THIS appalling and most dramatic story is taken from a deeply interesting work of fiction just published, 'Hector Fieramosca;' but as we recollect reading it in some veritable history, (perhaps Roscoe's 'Life of Lorenzo de Medici'), and as it is told in a way so brief as not to convert the narrative of a fact into a narrative merely founded on fact, we give it as we find it set down. At the close of it we almost feel the knife at our own hearts, hugged silently into the bosom of that sacrilegious and venomous impostor. He was very ill-used; but even the baseness of the younger brother fades into nothing before this everlasting spirit of revenge. A closer and quieter piece of intensity is perhaps not to be met with. Chaucer has a line that would make an excellent motto for it—

The smiler, with the knife under the cloak."

DON MICHAEL had a youthful and lovely wife; and a younger brother, a bachelor, lived in his house. The beauty of his sister-in-law had such an effect on this youth, that, abandoning all regard to morality or the consequences, he used every means to seduce her, and succeeded. But he did not succeed so well as to prevent the plot being discovered by a servant-maid, who informed the husband. The latter having placed himself in ambush, surprised them. Drawing his poniard he attempted to murder them both at the same time; but it chanced that they escaped out of his hands with some slight wounds. So exasperated was he at the wrong received, that he endeavoured to trace his brother, (who, with the lady, fled to some place of security), and determined to kill him at all costs. But the brother having heard of the deadly oath of the injured husband, managed to defend himself in different ways, so as to set at nought all the other's designs; and the offended man, intirely despairing of being able to inflict his vengeance, was, by the excess of passion, carried almost to the grave.

In the meantime the jubilee of the year 1500 occurred; and in the town where Don Michael resided, there were abundance of processions, and penitences, and public preachings, by means of which several party disputes were made up, and families and individuals pacified; and amongst the rest Don Michael also seemed resolved to lay aside all rancorous feelings, and devote himself to holy things. But the brother would not suffer himself to be persuaded to an interview, spite of the numerous kindly and sacred protestations that came from the other side. At the end of a holy year, employed by Don Michael in continual penances and religious pursuits, he determined to abandon the world intirely; and going to a monastery of Scalzi,\* entered into his noviciate; and that being completed, pronounced the solemn vows. Sent by his superiors into various parts of Spain, and even as far as Rome, in order to study theology, he became very learned; and on his return to his country with the reputation of being a particularly holy man, the rank of priesthood was conferred on him. He went through the first mass with the usual pomp, amidst a crowd of relations and friends, and other people. After its conclusion, returning into the sacristy, he seated himself (such is the custom), with his priest's cope still on his back, upon a stool which his friends and relations approached one after another, in order to kiss his hand, and give him the congratulatory embraces. He had been repeatedly heard to deplore the hatred he had so many years nourished against his brother, and frequently to say that the only desire in the world which he now had, was not only to obtain oblivion and forgiveness, for the past, but likewise, as a servant of God, to be the first and the humblest in offering it. Upon this solemn occasion, moved by the entreaties of all his relations, the brother at last resolved to go with the others. As he advanced, he began a humble address, whilst the priest, extending his arms, pressed him to his bosom; but instead of the brother again raising his head, his knees were seen to fall, and he sunk on the ground with a dreadful groan; and the priest brandishing a small dagger which in that embrace he had plunged into his brother's heart, kissed the still reeking blade, spurned the corpse with his foot, and then exclaimed, "I have caught thee at last!" The wretch escaped; and such was the confusion and amazement of the bystanders, that no efforts were made to detain him. For this crime he was banished under pain of death, if found. He fled from country to country, until he took refuge in Rome, where he was protected by the Duke of Valentinois. The latter took but little trouble to find out his virtues, but soon found him of use in the most important affairs; and the villainous priest became the life of all his undertakings.

The new novel from which this story is taken is translated from the Italian of the Marquis d'Azeglio, the son-in-law of the author of the 'Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and his successor in the larger species of Italian novel-writing. The novel itself, which is written with great care, and a remarkable condensation of incident, (it is only in one volume,) is founded on a most interesting fact in the history of Italy, the combat of thirteen Italians against thirteen French, in vindication of the national repute for courage, which one of the latter had insulted; and throughout it we are made conversant with a variety of real historical personages, particularly the portentous Cesar Borgia, who in the heard-heartedness of his prodigious egotism, took upon himself to play the part of a dispassionate Providence, and became accordingly a monster of passion and crime. But what was not to be expected of one, who was the son of a man without conscience, brought up in the midst of the worst corruptions of the church, and himself a Pope, able to absolve his offspring from the responsibility of their common villainies? Such, at least, are the characters of these two men.

\* Order of barefooted Friars.

in history, perhaps exaggerated, though their enormities seem too well established. Ariosto, however, who knew the Pope's daughter, the famous Lucretia Borgia, describes her, in contradiction to all other report, as a paragon of goodness as well as beauty; and for the honour and comfort of human nature (which however is not to be shaken by exceptions) we think as much credit as possible ought to be given to the testimony of a man, who was both charitable and sincere. Besides, Lucretia may have been misled, when young, by the example and authority of a father so situated; and yet, by some extreme fineness of nature (believed in by the poet, and existing in himself as well as others) have subsequently recovered herself, and become what he describes.

## THE WEEK.

NAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

THOMSON.

(From the Edition of his Works by Pickering.)

THOMSON's character was in every respect consistent with what his writings lead us to expect. He was high-minded, amiable, generous, and humane. Equable in his temper, and affable in his deportment, he was rarely ruffled but by the knowledge of some act of cruelty or injustice; and as he magnanimously forgave the petty assaults which envy or malignity levelled at him, and stood aloof from the poetical warfare which raged with great heat during some part of his career, he was soon, as if by common consent, respected by all the belligerents. His society was select and distinguished. Pope, Hill, Dr Armstrong, the Bishop of Derry, Mr (afterwards Sir) Andrew Mitchell, Mendez, Dr De la Cour, Mallet, Hammond, (whom he eulogizes in 'The Seasons,') Quin, and, above all, Mr Lyttleton, were his most intimate friends. With Pope he lived on terms of great friendship; and, according to Dr Johnson, he displayed his regard in a poetical epistle addressed to Thomson, whilst he was in Italy in 1731, but of which Pope "abated the value by transplanting some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot." Mr Robertson stated in reply to Mr Park's question,\* whether Pope did not often visit Thomson, "Yes, frequently. Pope has sometimes said, 'Thomson, I'll walk to the end of your garden; and then set off to the bottom of Kew Foot lane, and back.' Pope courted Thomson, and Thomson was always admitted to Pope, whether he had company or not."

Next to poetry he was fond of civil and natural history, voyages and travels, and in his leisure hours he found amusement in gardening. Of the fine arts, music was his chief delight; but he was an admirer of painting and sculpture, and formed a valuable collection of prints and drawings from the antique.

The besetting sin of Thomson's character was indolence, and of this he was himself fully aware, as he alludes to the failing in himself and some of his friends, in the 'Castle of Indolence.' He seldom rose before noon, and his time for composition was generally about midnight. His manners are sometimes represented as having been coarse; but his zealous defender, Lord Buchan, asserts, on the contrary, that Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, Lord Lyttleton, Sir Andrew Mitchell, Dr Armstrong, and Dr Murdock, agreed in declaring that he was "a gentleman at all points." His intimate friend, Mr Robertson, told Mr Park, that "Thomson was neither a petit maitre nor a boor; he had simplicity without rudeness, and a cultivated manner without being courtly;" and this may, perhaps, be considered the most accurate description of his deportment.

Much light is often thrown on a man's character by authenticated anecdotes. Of Thomson, how-

\* In October 1791, Thomas Park, Esq., the poet, called on Mr Robertson, who was surgeon to the Royal Household at Kew, the intimate friend of Thomson, with a view of gaining information about him. He committed to paper all he gleaned, and it has since been printed.

ever, very few are remembered, and the following are introduced because his previous biographers have thought them worthy of notice, rather than from any particular claims to which they possess to attention.

It is said that he was so careless about money, that once, when paying a brewer, he gave him two bank notes rolled together instead of one, and, when told of his mistake, he appeared perfectly indifferent, saying, "he had enough to go on without it." On one occasion he was robbed of his watch, between London and Richmond, and when Mr Robertson expressed regret for his loss, he replied, "Pshaw, I am glad they took it from me, it was never good for anything." Having invited some friends to dinner, one of them informed him that there was a general stipulation there should be no hard drinking; Thomson acquiesced, only requiring that each man should drink his bottle. The terms were accepted unconditionally, and, when the cloth was removed, a three-quart bottle was set before each of his guests.

In person, Thomson was rather stout and above the middle size; his countenance was not remarkable for expression, though, in his youth, he was considered handsome, but in conversation his face became animated and his eye fiery and intellectual. Silent in mixed company, his wit and vivacity seemed reserved for his friends, and in their society he was communicative, playful, and entertaining. Few men possessed in a greater degree, the art of creating firm and affectionate friendships. Those with whom he became acquainted at the commencement of his career, loved him till its close, and the individuals who had given to his life its sweetest enjoyments, watched over his death-bed and became the guardians of his fame, by superintending the only monuments of which genius ought to be ambitious, a complete edition of his works, and a tablet in Westminster Abbey.

### THE THAMES AT MIDNIGHT.

How beautiful and placid does "Father Thames" appear at night. He has three different appearances on different kinds of nights: on a very dark one all we can see is, that it is a river, by the reflection of the lights on the bridges, and at intervals on its banks; on a comparatively light night we can see rows of barges lying nearly mid-stream, and now and then perceive one stealing up or down the river, according as the tide is; the reflection of the lights is very plain on such a night, shooting perpendicularly into the water; those on shore "show a light" on a small circle round them, and throw into deeper shade and sombreness the dark masses of buildings, timber, and vessels, which skirt the shore at a greater distance; but when seen—

"By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon,"

it has the most pleasing appearance; the surface of the muddy mass of water, when silvered by the beams of this luminary, looks indeed, far different than it does when you peer into it, whilst floating on its surface at noonday; at which time you are very apt to meet with the decaying carcase of a dog, cat, or other animal, or some corrupting vegetable matter. "On such a night as this" a great number of barges proceed with the tide, and it is very pleasant to observe them stealing along like shadows on the silvered water, and to hear the splash of the oars as they descend, and form sparkling circles, in the brilliant water: the antiquated, rotten-looking buildings which line the shore, and the various vessels which lie in the river or on its banks, surrounded by timber rafts, are subjects worthy of observation on such a night. Here the moon throws its beams on a goodly new-built mansion; there, on a shed or outhouse which seems as if ready to fall; here the timber is covered with a silver coat, there hid by the shadow of a building; here a dark long shadow is thrown upon the water by a row of barges; there a solitary one, with a mast and sails "furled," is reflected in a very perfect manner on the watery mirror. Numberless are the pleasing objects; and

there is music for them too. When the observer is looking from a bridge, he will hear the ripple of the water as it passes through the arches—a delightful sound!

On a dark night, when the black waters can just be perceived rolling onwards, but no vessel carried along its broad stream, quite deserted by human beings (at least none, or few, are engaged in active duty, though there are many sleeping on its tranquil waters), reflections must force themselves on the mind, of the difference of its appearance at midnight and noon-day. This mighty river, now so still, so deserted, will, ere twelve hours pass away, be teeming with activity—vessels on its surface carrying to and fro various productions—steam-vessels carrying their hundreds to take a "mouthful of fresh air"—boats conveying persons "on business," and on pleasure—and, indeed, crafts of all shapes and dimensions; even at the present moment, every luxury, scarcity, and necessity, from the nearest and farthest points of the earth, are reposing on its bosom, which, on the rising of the morrow's sun, will be disgorged from the vessels which contain them, and will quickly be sucked up and distributed by the thousand channels of trade and commerce with which London abounds.

On a moonlight night we receive ocular demonstration of the immense trade in, and consumption of, one article in the metropolis—coal; long strings of vessels carrying this useful substance proceeding with the tide, and enlivening the scene.

Altogether, I think we may set down the Thames at midnight as a very pleasing sight; all the noise and bustle of the day is banished, and the mighty Thames is as quiet as a purling brook.

H. F.

### CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XX.—KING LEAR.

WE wish that we could pass this play over, and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject; or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence: yet we must say something.—It is then the best of all Shakspeare's plays, for it is the one in which he was the most in earnest. He was here fairly caught in the web of his own imagination. The passion which he has taken as his subject is that which strikes its root deepest into the human heart; of which the bond is the hardest to be unloosed; and the cancelling and tearing to pieces of which gives the greatest revulsion to the frame. This depth of nature, this force of passion, this tug and war of the elements of our being, this firm faith in filial piety, and the giddy anarchy and whirling tumult of the thoughts at finding this prop failing it, the contrast between the fixed, immovable basis of natural affection, and the rapid, irregular starts of imagination, suddenly wrenched from all its accustomed holds and resting-places in the soul, this is what Shakspeare has given, and what nobody else but he could give. So we believe.—The mind of Lear, staggering between the weight of attachment and the hurried movements of passion, is like a tall ship driven about by the winds, buffeted by the furious waves, but that still rides above the storm, having its anchor fixed in the bottom of the sea; or it is like the sharp rock circled by the eddying whirlpool that foams and beats against it, or like the solid promontory pushed from its basis by the force of an earthquake.

The character of Lear itself is very finely conceived for the purpose. It is the only ground on which such a story could be built with the greatest truth and effect. It is his rash haste, his violent impetuosity, his blindness to everything but the dictates of his passions or affections, that produces all his misfortunes, that aggravates his impatience of them, that enforces our pity for him. The part which Cordelia bears in the scene is extremely beautiful: the story is almost told in the first words she

utters. We see at once the precipice on which the poor old king stands from his own extravagant and credulous impetuosity, the indiscreet simplicity of her love (which, to be sure, has a little of her father's obstinacy in it), and the hollowness of her sisters' pretensions. Almost the first burst of that noble tide of passion, which runs through the play, is in the remonstrance of Kent to his royal master on the injustice of his sentence against his youngest daughter—"Be Kent unmannerly, when Lear is mad!" This manly plainness which draws down on him the displeasure of the unadvised king is worthy of the fidelity with which he adheres to his fallen fortunes. The true character of the two eldest daughters, Regan and Gonerill (they are so thoroughly hateful that we do not even like to repeat their names) breaks out in their answer to Cordelia, who desires them to treat their father well—"Prescribe not us our duties"—their hatred of advice being in proportion to their determination to do wrong, and to their hypocritical pretensions to do right. Their deliberate hypocrisy adds the last finishing to the odiousness of their characters. It is the absence of this detestable quality that is the only relief in the character of Edmund the Bastard, and that at times reconciles us to him. We are not tempted to exaggerate the guilt of his conduct, when he himself gives it up as a bad business, and writes himself down "plain villain." Nothing more can be said about it. His religious honesty in this respect is admirable. One speech of his is worth a million. His father, Gloster, whom he has just deluded with a forged story of his brother Edgar's designs against his life, accounts for his unnatural behaviour and the strange depravity of the times from the late eclipses in the sun and moon. Edmund, who is in the secret, says when he is gone—"This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising."—The whole character, its careless, light-hearted villany, contrasted with the sullen, rancorous malignity of Regan and Gonerill, its connexion with the conduct of the under-plot, in which Gloster's persecution of one of his sons and the ingratitude of another, form a counterpart to the mistakes and misfortunes of Lear,—his double amour with the two sisters, and the share which he has in bringing about the fatal catastrophe, are all managed with an uncommon degree of skill and power.

It has been said, and we think justly, that the third act of 'Othello' and the three first acts of 'Lear,' are Shakspeare's great master-pieces in the logic of passion: that they contain the highest examples not only of the force of individual passion, but of its dramatic vicissitudes and striking effects arising from the different circumstances and characters of the persons speaking. We see the ebb and flow of the feeling, its pauses and feverish starts, its impatience of opposition, its accumulating force when it has time to recollect itself, the manner in which it avails itself of every passing word or gesture, its haste to repel insinuation, the alternate contraction and dilatation of the soul, and all "the dazzling fence of controversy" in this mortal combat with poisoned weapons, aimed at the heart, where each wound is fatal. We have seen in 'Othello,' how the unsuspecting frankness and impetuous passions of the Moor are played upon and exasperated by the artful dexterity of Iago. In the present play, that which aggravates the sense of sympathy in the reader, and of uncontrollable anguish in the swollen heart of Lear, is the petrifying



indifference, the cold, calculating, obdurate selfishness of his daughters. His keen passions seem whetted on their stony hearts. The contrast would be too painful, the shock too great, but for the intervention of the Fool, whose well-timed levity comes in to break the continuity of feeling when it can no longer be borne, and to bring into play again the fibres of the heart just as they are growing rigid from over-strained excitement. The imagination is glad to take refuge in the half-comic, half-serious comments of the Fool, just as the mind under the extreme anguish of a surgical operation vents itself in sallies of wit. The character was also a grotesque ornament of the barbarous times, in which alone the tragic ground-work of the story could be laid. In another point of view it is indispensable, inasmuch as while it is a diversion to the too great intensity of our disgust, it carries the pathos to the highest pitch of which it is capable, by showing the pitiable weakness of the old king's conduct and its irretrievable consequences in the most familiar point of view. Lear may well "beat at the gate which let his folly in," after, as the Fool says, "he has made his daughters his mothers." The character is dropped in the third act to make room for the entrance of Edgar as Mad Tom, which well accords with the increasing bustle and wildness of the incidents; and nothing can be more complete than the distinction between Lear's real and Edgar's assumed madness, while the resemblance in the cause of their distresses, from the severing of the nearest ties of natural affection, keeps up a unity of interest. Shakspeare's mastery over his subject, if it was not art, was owing to a knowledge of the connecting links of the passions, and their effect upon the mind, still more wonderful than any systematic adherence to rules, and that anticipated and outdid all the efforts of the most refined art, not inspired and rendered instinctive by genius.

To be continued next week.

#### A COUNTRY CLUB.

(From a knowing and sprightly novel, just published, called 'The Exile of Erin, or the Adventures of a Bashful Irishman'.)

THE Red Lion, where the club to which I have just alluded were in the habit of assembling, was one of those snug, old fashioned inns, now so rarely to be met with, except in the east of England. It had a deep, wide brick porch, from whose roof hung a magpie in a wicker cage. This porch opened into a tolerably sized hall, wherein stood an oblong oaken table, grievously notched, albeit hooped with iron and a few high backed arm-chairs of the same material. Opposite the window was the fire-place, within whose ample range four men might sit with ease; and on the walls, hung on one side, a book-shelf, containing a few odd volumes of Swedenborg's works; and on the other, a glass case, in which was a salmon reclining full length on some bits of artificial grass.

Among those who were oftenest to be met with in this cozy, outlandish hall, was, first and foremost, the Auctioneer, a person, who in an isolated Welsh district, usually enjoys great consideration. He was a duck-legged, pompous little being, fond of making allusions to a professional visit which he paid to London in the year 1814, when he had the rare luck to see the Allied Sovereigns, and squeeze the horny fist of Blucher. This was the one leading incident in his life, from which he always dated.

Next came a Half-pay Officer, a grim-looking dog, snappish—disputatious—egotistical—with a dried liver, and cheeks sallow and wasted, which went in like the two sides of a fiddle, and spread out again at the chin and forehead. This warrior—or the "Captain," as he was commonly styled—held it as the chief article of his creed that, whatever is, is wrong, and was never so happy as when setting people by the ears together. His favourite hobby was India, about which, like General Harbottle, he was fond of telling marvellous stories. In person he was remarkably prim; wore a blue frock coat, a little white at the edges in front, and buttoned close up to the

throat; stiff black stock; and boots pieced, but polished—for he prided himself on a small foot—with singular attention to effect. On warm, sunny days he might be seen seated on the parapet of the Towry bridge, rocking his legs listlessly to and fro, humming a fragment of some old mess tune, or taking brisk turns up and down the bridge, and jerking out an impudent "hem!" whenever a petticoat approached him. When heated with argument, he had a trick of giving sharp, irritable tugs at his shirt collar.

Third in station was the Attorney, who exacted respect by virtue of his profession, and who was withal so cautious of, what he called, committing himself before Court, that in alluding to any particular individual, he never mentioned more than his or her initials. This fellow, like his prototype Rondibilis, had the keen scent of a stag-hound for a lawsuit, whence it came to pass that he was more revered than loved by his neighbours, many of whom he had contrived to render singularly poetical about the pockets.

The fourth was my landlord, the Apothecary, a good-natured, silly creature, blessed with a widowed sister, who superintended his establishment, and of whom I shall presently have occasion to speak. His chief occupation consisted in sauntering about the neighbourhood, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and talking to anyone who would talk with him. He had projecting eyes, like a lobster, with a vague, unmeaning stare, and usually kept his mouth ajar—I supposed from a habit he had acquired of swallowing every extraordinary story he heard or read.

#### FANCY PORTRAIT OF

#### CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

(From Miss Landon's 'Francesca Carrara'.)

HER meditation was interrupted by an unusual bustle in the ante-chamber, when, before the pages could announce her, the Queen of Sweden walked, or rather ran, into the room. Advancing straight to the Queen, she exclaimed—"A thousand congratulations—I have just heard of the taking of Valence, and could not rest till I had rejoiced with you on the success of your arms."

Victory is an agreeable subject, and the visitor and her compliments were equally well received.

"You may give me credit for sincerity," continued she, "as there is some selfishness in it. It hurts one's vanity to be mistaken, and you know I prophesied the success of the fleur-de-lis."

"Valence," observed M. de Nogent, one of the party at the card-table, "was besieged a hundred years since by the French army, but unsuccessfully; the fort has never before been taken, and—"

"And you should have been there," interrupted Christina, abruptly; "with your long stories of a hundred years since: I would rather hear them a hundred years hence." Then turning, with a singular change of countenance, from harshness to extreme sweetness, to Madame de Mercœur,—"I give you joy that your husband should be the first conqueror of this redoubtable Valence."

"I deserve," replied the Duchess, "some compensation for the anxiety I have endured."

"Anxiety! nonsense!" exclaimed the Swede, "a man is never in his proper element but when fighting. I am persuaded that war was always meant to be the one great luxury of the human race. War calls out all our good qualities; courage teaches a man to respect himself; and self-respect is at once the beginning and the guarantee of excellence. Besides a campaign teaches patience, generosity, and exertion. So much for the morale; and as to the enjoyment, *pardieu!* I can imagine nothing beyond the excitement of leading a charge of cavalry."

"Alas, Madam," said the King, smiling, "why cannot I offer you the baton of a Marshal."

"You cannot lament," returned she, "the possibility more than I do. What could God mean by sending me into the world a woman? But let us change this mournful subject—it really affects my feelings."

"I am rejoiced," returned Louis, "that you have recovered from the ennui of Messieurs les Jesuites' tragedy."

"I protest," was the reply, "equally against confession and tragedy from them; their rules are too lax in both."

"You do not seem," said the Queen, evidently wishing to change the subject just started, "to have been much pleased with our dramatic representations; but we have not been fortunate; our actors are generally more amusing."

"I suppose so," replied Christina; "as you keep them still. But I see I have interrupted your game; go on, and do not mind me. I should like to have another victory to congratulate you upon."

Crossing the room, she seated herself on one chair, while drawing another towards her, she placed her feet upon it, and thus stretched out negligently began talking, in a low tone, to the King and Made-moiselle Marcini.

Francesca had now an opportunity of observing her more closely, and found that her appearance, if equally singular, was more picturesque than she had heard described. Her dress was odd enough; half masculine, half feminine, but it became her. She wore a sort of jacket of bright red camlet, richly braided with gold and silver lace; a fringe of which also hung from her grey petticoat, which was short enough to show her feet and ankles, whose small size was rendered more remarkable by the peculiar shaped boot. A crimson scarf, hung over one shoulder, adroitly hid the defect in her figure; and round her throat was a neckcloth, edged with point lace, and fastened with crimson riband. She was delicately fair, with an aquiline nose, and a mouth, the size of which was forgotten in its white teeth and pleasant smile. She wore a peruke of very fair golden hair; and herein was shown the lurking spirit of female vanity; her own tresses had been very beautiful; in some whim she had had them shaven off, but the colour of the peruke had been most assiduously assorted to them. Her eyes, large, blue, bright, and restless, were her most remarkable feature, perhaps from constant employ; they seemed perpetually on the watch, and she also had a custom of fixing them with singular intendment on the person to whom she spoke. It was said this habit had somewhat startled the Bishop of Amiens, whom she selected for her confessor; instead of the downcast eyes to which he had been accustomed, the royal penitent, who then knelt at his feet, fixed her clear piercing orbs full in his face, till the good father was all but stared out of countenance. She was small and slight, and the impression she gave as she lounged on her two seats, swinging to and fro her black hat and feathers, was of a fair and pretty boy, clever, and somewhat spoiled by indulgence.

#### FINE ARTS.

Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.

(Concluded from last week.)

MR THAYER has many pictures that please us much; perhaps 'The Cornfield' (244), is the best of them, with Flambro' Castle in the back-ground, voluptuously embosomed in trees; nor are the figures unworthy of the rest of the picture. In his particular line,—in what may be termed architectural landscape, and in the representation of physical vastness,—John Martin stands without a rival; why, then, does he, being first in his own territory, wander into that of others, where his rank is at least equivocal? His 'Judith attiring' (258), will do his fame no good; nor his is other picture, 'David spareth Saul at Hachilah' (195), much better. In no part of the world can flesh be found to match Judith's in the former; or clouds and rocks to look so like Japan as those in the latter. 'Sunset' (263), Barnet, is very beautiful; but the sun appears to us a failure; it is like a white wafer peering through the colours on the canvass. When Claude, the prince of landscape-painters, paints a sun, he veils it in mist, and shows it stronger, for being half hidden; he knew he could

not paint the naked sun, which his eyes could not look at. But now-a-days a sun is not worth a penny of *flake white*; any water-colour painter can make you one with blank paper in the twinkling of a bed-post. For our parts, we know that our irreverend eyes stared Mr Barrett's sun full in the face, but were not punished with seeing green and purple spots at every turn; what is better, our eyes stared also at Mr Barrett's sheep and the peaceful valley where they are reposing, and derived infinite satisfaction from so doing; truly, they are very charmingly done. 'Deliberation' (265), an illustration of the old subject of a letter received by a young girl, which we are to suppose contains a proposal, by F. Clater, is a clever picture; the girl is prettily painted; and the old pensioner giving her his fatherly advice, is capital. Creswick's 'Westminster Bridge, from Vauxhall-stairs,' (286) of its class, is the best painted picture in the room. The brilliant colour, the real effect, the liveliness of the scene, make it equally valuable as a piece of painting, and a local portrait. Childe has many pleasant pictures; the 'Entrance to Chiselhurst' is our favourite; it is one of those sweet places one comes upon in the country roads of England, with a horsepond by the way-side overhung by trees, with thirsty cows cooling their knees in it, and looking, meek and motionless, with a faint curiosity at the passenger. For such scenes, Childe has a real feeling, and his paintings are therefore in earnest, and make the spectator so too. 'Good News' (295), by Mrs F. Corbeaux, is painted with much power. The two females are very beautiful; but a little too much drawn after the *ultra refined* system of the faces in the fashionable magazines. 'The Village Belle' (324), J. L. Williams, is an excellent piece of colour, and the girl is of nature's own flesh and blood. A little coquetry, a little vanity, a little boldness, but real beauty and freshness, and a taste for shewy dress, are all proper attributes of the 'Village Belle,' who is a more artificial and sophisticated person than the village beauty. The colouring is pure, harmonious, and powerful. Another little sketch, by the same artist, is in the Water-colour Room, inferior, but not unworthy of the 'Village Belle,' (473) a 'Cottage Maid,' described by Rogers. Her 'kerchief blue' should have been a more conspicuous feature; but it is a very pretty and unaffected girl, with none of the sophisticated nature of our friend the 'Belle.' There is good intentions and much power in 'The Angel announcing to the Shepherds the Birth of the Saviour' (341), by R. A. Clack. The angel, perhaps, seems too small and insignificant a part of the picture; he is too close to the shepherds, and too far from the great light; but the landscape is very striking—its tone is calm, yet deep, fitted for the dawning of a portentous but a good-giving wonder; the solemn blue of the heavens, the dark land, the rising light, the bright stars, are painted with high poetic sentiment, and with no lack of painter's skill; the elements of the picture are broad and vast, but not over strained: on the contrary, they are in thorough keeping with each other, with the sentiment of the picture, and with nature. The picture is hung very high, therefore its execution in the detail is less easily seen; by this circumstance it may gain; but, to judge by what we can see, it is more probable that it loses. The bright star in the middle of the picture, as one of the most surprising bits of luminous imitation we remember to have seen. 'Scene in Axminster, Devon,' (348) F. W. Watts, is a charming picture; it is a bit of broken ground, clothed in the most luxuriant leafiness, with a glowing sun and wandering cattle half hidden among the leaves and knolls. It is Watts's best this time. Bass has a few of his ludicrous designs. The one called 'Independent of a Vote' (354) is not bad; it is an old picture, and the comparison does Mr Bass's later works no good. 'The wounded Fallow-deer' (375), by Hancock, is clever. Hancock would be a gainer if he relinquished his obvious imitation of Landseer, which he carries into the handling, and even into the specific design; but with very unequal success. He should avoid a comparison with one so much

his superior, which does but dim the talent he undoubtedly possesses. 'The Opening of the Royal Exchange, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth' (416), by Pickering, is a shewy and an interesting picture, but feeble in the execution. Among the portraits, Mrs W. Carpenter bears the bell. Her 'Portrait of Mrs Harding' (213), is very clearly and skilfully painted; we object alone to the hair, which is rather *dead* in the colouring. Hurlstone's portraits we cannot admire. They are mostly affected, and *blackish* in the colouring; but the 'Portrait of Lieut.-Col. Yorke' (112), and 'Miss Gronow' (210), are clever. For the sake of their subjects, our readers should look at 'Beatrice Cenci' (579), a copy from a picture by Guido (the heroine of Mr Shelley's noble tragedy); and 'Petrarch's House at Arqua' (615). 'Study of a Trappist Monk,' who died by voluntary starvation (675), by Rippingille, is a clever study of a very fine head. It is, we presume, the original sketch for 465 in the British Institution, a very admirable picture. Among the Sculpture, we were most struck with some designs and Restorations by J. Henning, jun. 'The Vintage' (782), is excellent. He seems to have caught the spirit of the old sculptors; his works are like theirs in style, but have not the tameness of imitations in general.

#### EPITAPH ON HIMSELF, BY JOHN LASCARIS.

[Of this famous Grecian—a Greek by birth, and of noble extraction—and one of the principal revivers of Grecian literature in Italy, Morhofius ('Polyhistor,' p. 777.) says:—"Sprung from the celebrated Imperial Lascarine family, he enriched the library of de Medicis with a wealth of Greek books, having visited and examined all the libraries of Greece for that purpose, when sent by Lawrence de Medicis on an embassy to Constantinople. It was under the direction of this same Lascaris, that Pope Leo X may be said to have almost transported Greece into Italy, as to a new colony."]

Λάσκαρις ἀλλοδαπῇ γαίῃ ἐγκατέθιτο γαίῃ  
Οὐτε λῆνι ζῆιν, ὃ ζῆνι, μεμφομένοιο.  
Εὐεστο μελιχρὴν ἀλλ' ἀχθεταί, ἱππερ' Ἀχαιοῖς  
Οὐδ' ἔτι χῶν χυνοὶ πατρὸς ἐλευθερίοιο.

HERE Lascaris reposes, in a land  
That is not his,—yet of that land would speak  
No ill, and many favours doth allow:—  
But this afflicts him—this as with a brand  
Is on him,—that the country of the Greek  
Hath no free graves to give her children now.

\* "Ex illustri Lascarina Imperatorum familia oriundus, Medicorum Bibliothecam insigni Græcorum codicum thesauro ditavit; cum Legatus à Laurentio Mediceo Constantinopoli missus omnes Græcæ bibliothecæ scrutaretur. Eodem Lascaro auctore Leo X ipsam propemodum Græciam in Italiam, quasi in novam coloniam, deduxit."

#### TABLE TALK.

PLEASANT SCHOOLING, AND AN AFFECTING STORY.

Wilhelm had a room in Stilling's house; in it there stood a bed, in which he slept with his son, and at the window was a table with the appurtenances of his trade, for as soon as he came from school he laboured at his needle. In the morning early, Heinrich took his satchel, in which, besides the necessary school-books, there was a sandwich for dinner, as also the 'History of the Four Children of Haymon,' or some other such book, together with a shepherd's flute. As soon as he had breakfasted, he set off, and when he was outside the village, he took out his book and read whilst walking, or else quavered some old ballad or other tune upon his flute. Learning Latin was not at all difficult to him, and he had still time enough to read old tales. In the summer he went home every evening; but in the winter he came only on Saturday evening, and went away again on the Monday morning; this continued four years, but the last summer he stayed much at home, and assisted his father at his trade, or made buttons.—Even the road to Florenburg and the school afforded him many a pleasant hour. The

schoolmaster was a gentle and sensible man, and knew how both to give and to take. After dinner Stilling assembled a number of children about him, went out into the fields, or to the edge of a brook, and there related to them some fine sentimental tales; and, after his store was exhausted, others were obliged to do the same. As some of them were once together in a meadow, a boy came to them, who began as follows:—"Hear me, children! I will tell you something. Near us lives old Frühling; you know how he totters about with his stick; he has no longer any teeth, and he cannot see nor hear much. Now, when he sits at the dinner table and trembles in such a manner, he always scatters much, and sometimes something falls out of his mouth again. This disgusted his son and his daughter-in-law, and therefore the old grandfather was at length obliged to eat in the corner behind the stove; they gave him something to eat in an earthen dish, and that often not enough to satisfy him. I have seen him eating, and he looked so sad after dinner, and his eyes were wet with tears. Well, the day before yesterday, he broke his earthen dish. The young woman scolded him severely, and he said nothing, and only sighed. Then they bought him a wooden dish for a couple of farthings, and he was obliged to eat out of it yesterday for the first time. Whilst they were sitting thus at dinner, their little boy, who is three years and a half old, began to rattle little boards together on the floor. Young Frühling said to him 'What art thou doing there, Peter?' 'O,' said the child, 'I am making a little trough, out of which my father and mother shall eat when I am grown up.' Young Frühling and his wife looked at each other awhile: at length they began to weep, and immediately fetched the old grandfather to the table, and let him eat with them."—*Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling.*

#### AWKWARD EXPERIMENT.

I remember to have heard of a certain gentleman that would needs make trial what men did feel that were hanged. So he fastened the cord about his neck, raising himself upon a stool and then letting himself fall, thinking it would be in his power to regain the stool at his pleasure; which he failed in, but was helped by a friend then present. He was asked afterwards what he felt? he said he felt no pain, but first he thought he saw before his eyes a great fire and burning; then he thought he saw all black and dark; lastly it turned to a pale blue or sea-water green; which colour is often seen by them which fall into swoonings. I have heard also of a physician yet living, who recovered a man to life, which had hanged himself, and had hanged half an hour, by frictions and hot baths; and the same physician did profess that he made no doubt to recover any man that had hanged so long, if his neck were not broken with the first swing.—*Bacon on Life and Death.*

#### TRUE LOVE.

"Hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly and piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet." "Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure." "I, too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how could I love him then?" [This is very beautiful.]

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIRCUMSTANCES again compel us to postpone the extracts from Mr Lamb, and also to beg the indulgence of numerous correspondents till next week.

Will our fair friend of L'ULTIMA CAMBRIA have the goodness to inform us at what bookseller's, or other house in London, a small parcel containing a book may be addressed to her?

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